

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 13, NO. 14.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McKeel, J. C. Arbogast.
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Charles Cook, Edray; W. H. Grose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown, Duggard; G. E. Curry, Academy; Thomas Bruffey, Lobella.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. O. McNEEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKEE,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEBEY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
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Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

Is it a Failure?

No 1.

It is the writer's purpose to prepare a series of articles for the thoughtful readers of THE TIMES, on the question "Is our representative form of government likely to be a failure?"

The season for debating societies is near, and it would be well if such a question could be fully discussed by our younger citizens. While the dailies and weeklies do not seem disposed to take up the question, the monthlies and the quarterlies are giving it profound consideration. So far as the writer can understand these periodicals have much to say on the dangers confronting the government, and the threatening evils manifested in the administration of State and National affairs. The belief is most emphatically expressed that if our Republic is to be saved from failure, elementary reforms must be introduced in our political and industrial relations. Times change and people change with them. While this may be insisted upon, yet these journals do not despair, the case, as yet, with our Republic is not to be regarded as hopeless, but may be cured if taken in time.

The most of the articles published on this subject do not regard the new political form, termed Republicanism in its technical, not partisan, sense, as permanently established. For in place of the old perils, which the originators of our government became free from by the Revolution, new dangers have arisen, just as much to be dreaded. One of the most serious of public confidence in our law-making bodies.

The rebellion against England was for the purpose of escaping from obedience to a rule to which American people did not consent. The old patriots took up their career of independence with the cheering hope that they would have their own way and all would be well. Parliament, in which, they had no representation, could not tax them and more. Their legislatures henceforth were to be their own, composed of the representatives of the people, and surely the people knew what they wanted and could govern themselves accordingly.

In the course of time it has been learned by the people that their representatives could not be trusted, and this was a sad, disappointing, and surprising discovery that stings the hearts of the people at large.

To protect the people from these agents of the people, State Constitutions have been loaded with limitations on legislative power, the appointing and vetoing powers of the State Governor have been largely increased. The Courts have been carefully endowed with power to scrutinize the acts of the legislature, and nullify such as conflict with constitutional law.

In its first Constitution, the State of New York forbid almost nothing, such was the confidence the people had in the Legislature. In the last Constitution, recently adopted, there are whole pages of positive prohibitions on the Legislature. More than that, there are a considerable number of powers, once legislative, taken from the Legislature and vested in other authorities. The history of other States illustrate the same sad fact, the people are losing confidence in their Legislatures.

All these restrictions have been the result of abuse; legislators have shown they are not to be trusted. Legislative bodies are frequently accused of corruption and venality and in the foremost States of the

Union are looked upon as the agents or representatives of wealthy, designing corporations. Hence, a new and terrible danger threatens the life of the Republic.

That Phonograph.

There was a phonographic diversion in Marlinton the other night. It was the same "most wonderful invention of modern times" that was here last summer, skillfully manipulated by the same mysterious stranger, but we went along with the children, and had a monstrous lot of amusement.

The house was pretty full when we got there, but by dexterous management I contrived to get a seat, from whence I had a glorious view of the audience and the "invention." It was evident that this entertainment was given under the Scriptural injunction "Whoever has ears to hear, let him hear" the phonograph, and remembering this pious phrase, nobody said anything when every once in a while a person with a skin which looked as if it had absorbed the deepest shades of night, slid into the hall. A death-like stillness brooded over the place. Somebody dropped a pin which went crashing down on the floor, and caused a girl near me to shriek with terror, that or something else. This girl had that shade of hair which a school-master once informed me was always called "Buffalo in New York," or some other place five hundred miles from Auburn.

Then suddenly somebody exclaimed "What's that!" as a startling apparition of a woman in a white dress and a white shawl sprang into the hall on his head. As those white-robed feet twinkled through the air, one old fellow resolved "his heart would be true to Poll" after this, and he would go home and lead a sober life.

Then the Mysterious Stranger comes forth from a sort of trance, and says the ball will open while the band plays "Old Folks at Home." We like that. We like to think of them as being at home, for then we know the fires and lights will be kept up. Nothing spoils the memory of an evening's enjoyment so effectually beyond repair as to come home and find the lights out, doors locked, fire ashes, and between you and matches a labyrinth of chairs and tables, over which you stumble, sadly mutilate yourself, and you go weeping and wailing to bed. Yes, we feel that song, and it is vigorously applauded.

Somebody says the next number is an operatic selection, but "it breaks the record" with a sleep-smashing noise, a very clever sound of a "cock's shrill clarion," but which must be, and no doubt is, the despair of of those monarchs of the chicken-coop in Marlinton to produce, with their untrained voices, all this richness and variation of sound.

Then the Stranger kindly explains each number to the wearied audience, so that none may mix up the various selections. This is wise. Otherwise, some might confound Gladstone dancing a clog and singing an old plantation melody, with a Georgia darter, everything sounds so much alike. He says the next is a humorous speech. A temperance lecture follows. One soft-voiced woman near me says she thinks that humor is rather far-fetched. I say "Yes," but then jokes are fetched far farther than that in these days of steam and phonographs.

After this the Stranger makes a tempting offer if anybody was showing one of those Marlinton golden apples, which are so justly

Nobody allows himself to be tempted. One says he has a bad cold, and calls the stranger by name, Brooks. Then somebody excavates a ghostly old joke, and wonders if this isn't one of Tennyson's brooks which sing "For men may come and go, but I go on forever," as he puts on another record.

An unutterable weariness has got hold of me, when out of that lifeless, lifeless, bloodless, and now almost voiceless machine comes a sad little song which dies away into "the brightest, happiest summer that I shall ever know." The curtain drops, and we scamper down the dark stairs, half blind by the memories which that little old song has called forth, and I echo the words of an old woman in front of me, "Aint they powerful queer, them phonygrams?"

S. A. P.

Scraps of History.

One summer evening, fifty years ago, the writer was highly entertained by some reminiscences repeated by Colonel John Hill, who resided at Hillboro, and from whom that interesting and prosperous Pocahontas town derives its name. Colonel Hill was a very attractive man, and exerted a wide beneficial influence in his time over the entire county in its early history. At the time I speak of he had just returned from the burial of his venerable father, Richard Hill, whose death occurred on Hill's Creek.

About the close of the Revolution Richard Hill came to this region, and the first mention we find of him is in connection with the case of Drennan's when James Baker was killed. Baker was a school teacher, and Hill was occupied in making some repairs on Drennan's house. The men had started to the Greenbrier River, near the house, to perform their morning ablutions preparatory for breakfast. Hill had just leaped the fence, being noted for his agility. Baker, not quite so active, was just in the act of climbing when he was shot and sank to his knees with his hands on the top rail. Hill reached the fence, barely escaping the Indian's tomahawk aimed at his head. As he passed Baker the dying man gave him a most piteous look, that never faded from his mind but seemed to be always haunting him. When he reached the house, he went on the loft and could see the Indian's arm through the fence in the act of removing Baker's scalp. He was anxious to shoot the warrior, but was dissuaded by the family to let him go, that maybe he would let them alone if not hurt.

Mr Hill seemed to have a charmed life. One day he was harvesting rye at Thomas Drennan's, near the Edray burial ground. He broke his rake-handle, and sat down on the trunk of a tree that had recently been cut down, and the branches were full of dried leaves. An Indian was concealed in this leafy hiding-place, and took repeated aim at him while thus occupied with the broken rake. Something seemed to restrain him, and he could not pull the fatal trigger. Hill finished his work unmolested, and never knew it until years afterwards he met the Indian on Elk who told of the circumstance. The Indian was of the opinion that the Great Spirit would not let him shoot, as he tried to do several times. Richard Hill, Mr Hill's grandfather, was in this case.

Some of the boys are having some sport hunting coons, they occasionally try one, they say they are good eating, but give me a chance and they may have the coon. Mr. L. Caselt is building a new house.

the settlements, and Mr Hill was requested to go on a scout towards Sewall Mountain and report whether any signs could be found indicating their being about. He scouted all day, and found nothing suspicious. Being very tired, he went into a deep depression, kindled a camp-fire, as the night was frosty, roasted a piece of meat for supper, and soon fell asleep feeling perfectly secure. A frightful dream caused him to wake about midnight. While he was lying awake, he heard a stick break, and then the sound of something walking in the leaves. It came nearer, and he suddenly arose, seized his rifle, and sprang behind the nearest tree. For awhile heard nothing, then came the sound of something walking off, and, finally, when all became quiet, and supposing it was a fox that had been drawn there by the scent of the roasted meat, the scout, overpowered by weariness, was soon asleep once more. Again he was aroused by a horrid dream, and listening heard the sound of something walking as before. When everything became quiet, and supposing it was some other animal, passing by in its nightly prowls, had been attracted by the food, he replenished his camp-fire and once more fell asleep, and, again, a dream more frightful, if possible, than the previous ones aroused him. The noise was heard, and this time he took to his tree, and concluded it would be best to keep awake until morning, which he did. Soon as the light was seen

that had tried repeatedly to steal upon him during the night. He lost no time in hastening to the settlement and to notify the people of the Levels and the vicinities adjacent to be on the lookout. So far as is known, this was the last raid ever attempted by the Red-men.

Mr Hill married a daughter of John McNeel. He was the ancestor of the whole Hill connection that bear the name in lower Pocahontas, and his blood flows in the veins of other worthy families in our county and in the far West.

It was Colonel John Hill's opinion that his father came from North Carolina, originally.

W. T. P.

The following commercial transaction in wool is merely a foreshadowing of what is to be expected when the trade becomes adjusted to the new conditions brought about by the late tariff legislation:

A large purchase of wool recently made in the Boston market went to Bradford, England. Such purchases have been usual heretofore because the exclusion of foreign wools from this market under a protective tariff gave England an advantage in buying them. These are days in which Mr. McKinley is having opportunities to learn a great deal about political economy. Another object lesson is afforded him by the fact that the exports of our manufactured goods under free or less heavily taxed raw materials will this year exceed by nearly \$4,000,000 the exports in either 1892 or 1893 under this tariff.

World.
I LOATHE, abhor, detest, despise, Abominable dried-apple pies. I like good bread I like good meat, Or anything that is good to eat, But of all poor grub under the sky, The poorest is dried apples.

Pay Your Annual Toll.
All persons in arrears, on annual toll, either at Edray or Marlinton gate, will conserve their own interests by an early settlement of same. Tolls must be collected.
Geo. P. Moore, Supt. etc.
October 28 1895.

THE court adjourned on Wednesday, after a session of fourteen days, one of the longest on record.

WAS A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

And Thought the Lawyer Who Examined Him Must Have Been a West Virginian

San Francisco Argonaut.

In Kentucky an unfortunate merchant saw bankruptcy confronting him, and, to save a portion of his property, he invoked the name of his wife and the assistance of a friend. The creditors instituted proceedings to recover certain property, and in the course of the proceedings his friend, a native of Virginia, was put upon the stand. The witness was subject to a rigid cross-examination by a lawyer, himself a native of Virginia. The witness went blundering along at such a rate that his lawyer felt it necessary to interfere and tell him that he was not required to answer questions which would criminate him. After the close of the case the accommodating friend from Virginia expressed great indignation at the humiliation to which he had been subjected. "I was never in my life treated with so little courtesy," he said; "the opposing counsel did not act at all like a gentleman, sir. I expected entirely different treatment, especially as I learned that he was from Virginia, and he knew I was from that state. No, sir, in the old days no Virginia gentleman, sir, would cause another Virginia gentleman the slightest embarrassment because of so paltry a matter, nor would he seek by set interrogatories to make him contradict himself. No, sir, it is unpardonable, sir, and all for the purpose of increasing the dividends of a few Yankee clients whom he never saw. I am convinced, sir, that your lawyer never came from Virginia at all, sir; he must have come from West Virginia."

"Dunned" them on a post-office in Cadiz, Harrison county, in the fall of 1894, having been held in default of \$500 bond for violation of the United States postal laws. He was arrested by United States Marshal, W. E. Mason and given a hearing before United States commissioner, R. G. Richards, of that city, and the case was prosecuted by United States District Attorney, J. E. Bruce, of Cincinnati. The charge on which Morgan is held is for sending a dan on a postal card to Daniel Martin and wife, of Creston, Ohio, asking them to send him a post-office order for \$4 35 they owed him for medical services, and telling them if it was not paid the prosecuting attorney would sell their property and collect his bill sure, and that the prosecuting attorney had asked him to write them.

A few political straws have come in sight indicating the way the wind seems inclined to blow. The following is a specimen and affords interesting reading:

The recent elections show a Democratic revival of the most hopeful character, and one that will have its effect in encouraging the Democracy of Ohio. The town election in Connecticut showed Democratic gains while the local elections at Indianapolis and Chattanooga were of considerable significance. It was two years ago that Indianapolis led off with a sweeping Republican victory, marking the drift of politics. Now the majority of the Republicans at that election, over 3,000 is wiped out, and the Democrats carry the city by 4,000 majority, notwithstanding the influence of ex-President Harrison was called in to hold his resident city in line. Results of this kind in local elections are valuable as showing that the "Democratic panic" is a thing of the past—that Democratic times under Wilson tariff are having a more than mate effect and that...

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Card.
Mrs. Estaline Johnson desires to return her sincere thanks for the kindness of friends and neighbors during the illness of her departed husband, Mr. John Johnson, and prays God to bless them who still remember the widow and the fatherless.
October 18 1895.

Pay your subscription.